

# IS RACING OF HYDROPLANES

Driving a Leaping Plane Supplies Thrills by the Second— Beside a Mile-a-Minute Boat, a Bucking Bronco Is as Peaceful as a Rocking Chair—What Happens When You "Flip."

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**R. Edgren**  
**COLUMN**

There are thrills in games like football, baseball, even tennis and golf. The biggest of all sports is the racing of hydroplanes. The greatest thrill I've ever felt in many years of active competition in a score of sports have been in racing the Baby Speed Demon and Baby Reliance V. Commodore J. Stuart Blackton's record-holding twenty-foot hydroplanes.

And there's a romance about the water that is lacking on the automobile speedway. Across the Gold Challenge Cup course on Lake George the frequent once paddled their war canoes on raids against the early settlers. Imagine those old Indians, paddling down Lake George, suddenly hearing the howling roar of the exhausts and seeing the low-lying speed boats coming toward them in great leaps, fast as a falling star shooting down from the heavens!

**THE HYDROPLANE THAT GOES IN LEAPS OF FIFTY FEET.**

When Chris Smith of Algonac, Mich., invented the hydroplane that made its speed by staying out of the water, he invented about all the thrills and sensations that can be crowded into any one day without spilling over.

Smith's idea was that a boat would go very fast if it didn't touch the water. He built a boat with plane wings arranged that when driven at high speed it would actually rise above the surface, leaving only the propeller submerged. On the air it would take a sudden shoot for fifty feet or so, drop into the water and instantly rise again. In smooth water, or water with a little ripple, this boat traveled in a series of leaps, like a galloping horse or a flat stone skipping across a pond. The sports when the boat was in the air and the propeller in the water gave it tremendous speed. Other hydroplanes had always run high, but with part of the boat touching the surface of the water, "skin friction" and water resistance held them back. In perfectly smooth water the leaping boat was as easy riding as a merry-go-round. But when the wind kicked up a little sea the thrills began. The leaping boat turned into a bucking bronco of the seas.

Not even a bucking "brone" ever performed such a variety of tricks as a 20-foot leaping hydroplane. A little swell from a tugboat or an excursion steamer, makes the plane leap until even the propeller is sometimes three or four feet above the water. Then the boat sails through the air from fifty to seventy feet before it comes down to the water again. And if it happens to alight upon the rising side of a wave it takes another wild leap. A series of five or six leaps keeps the helmsman as busy as a man who has stepped on a loose nail.

The varying slants of the waves give the leaping hydroplane a violent twist at every jump, hurling the helmsman as busy as a man who has stepped on a loose nail. The boat twists each wave with a tremendous jar. As it rises for another leap the boat must be instantly sighted, or it will be lost in the air. When it strikes the water again will point slightly off the course. Going fifty miles an hour or more a twist like this has a tendency to flip the boat and upset it. It is in spite of the helmsman's efforts only lightning quick correction with the steering wheel when the boat hits the water again can keep it right side up, and being set upon an inverted boat traveling nearly a mile a minute is no joke. That is why it is absolutely necessary for both helmsman and mechanic to wear a well strapped cork belt.

**WHEN A HYDROPLANE FLIPS OVER GOING FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.**

Here is what happened to two of the best drivers in the world when a hydroplane flipped over. Jay Smith and Jack Ryan were racing in Baby Reliance. There was enough water, but just beyond the end of a breakwater the hydroplane struck an unexpected swell. Instantly the boat rose from the slanting side of the wave and flipped right over in the air, landing upside down. Both men managed to kick themselves clear so that they were not struck by the boat. But they hit the water while going about fifty-five miles an hour.

Jay Smith described his sensations afterward. He found himself under water. He could see the sun shining down through the pale green fluid. He could see millions of bubbles. He was holding his breath instinctively and began to try to swim to the surface. When he reached the air he swam around in a circle, trying to remember where he was and what had happened. He was so dazed that he didn't recall anything about the race. After a few seconds he saw a cork lifebelt floating around, and suddenly he remembered everything and began to look for Hebe. A little later Hebe bobbed up to the surface, unconscious. Jay caught him by the hair and held his face above water. Soon a launch came along and took them ashore, where Hebe was revived with some difficulty. When the boat flipped over Hebe hit the water so hard that it broke the life preserver and tore off both the cork belt and his shirt. If Jay Smith had been knocked senseless too, they would have been drowned.

John F. Ryan was racing in a hydroplane. It struck a wave and flipped over. Ryan didn't kick himself clear,

and his foot was caught under a cleat. The sinking boat carried him down twenty or thirty feet before he reached himself free, breaking a tendon in his heel. He says the sensation of being dragged down was quite beyond description.

**WHEN COUNT MANKOWSKI WENT OVERBOARD AT LAKE GEORGE.**

Count Mankowski has had his share of thrills. At Buffalo, his famous racing hydroplane, Ankle Deep, burned under him. At Lake George, in the Gold Challenge Cup final, one of the twin propeller shafts broke. The boat swerved so suddenly that Mankowski was thrown out heels over head. He had a good swim before he was picked up. His own sensation after being hurled into the lake was that he was in a diving suit going down after pearls. Then his goggles filled with water, he came spluttering to the surface, saw the Ankle Deep scooting away from him and realized what had happened. Mankowski holds the world's record for being thrown out of hydroplanes. His first experience was in a race at Thousand Islands, and he was pulled out so full of the St. Lawrence River that he admits he has had a strong distaste for water ever since.

**COMMODORE BLACKTON REMAINED IN BOAT AFTER NARROW ESCAPE.**

Commodore Blackton had an experience of another sort. He had won the first leg of the Gold Challenge Cup at Lake George. In the second race he went into the lead and was traveling nearly a mile a minute when a piston broke. The released piston whirled through the top of a cylinder about a foot from the Commodore's head and went skidding like a cannon ball, while the big 250 horse-power engine, jammed, smashed its base and stopped dead. The Commodore stood up, looked over the damage, sat down again, lighted a cigar and turned around to watch the race. There's nothing like a hydroplane for variety.

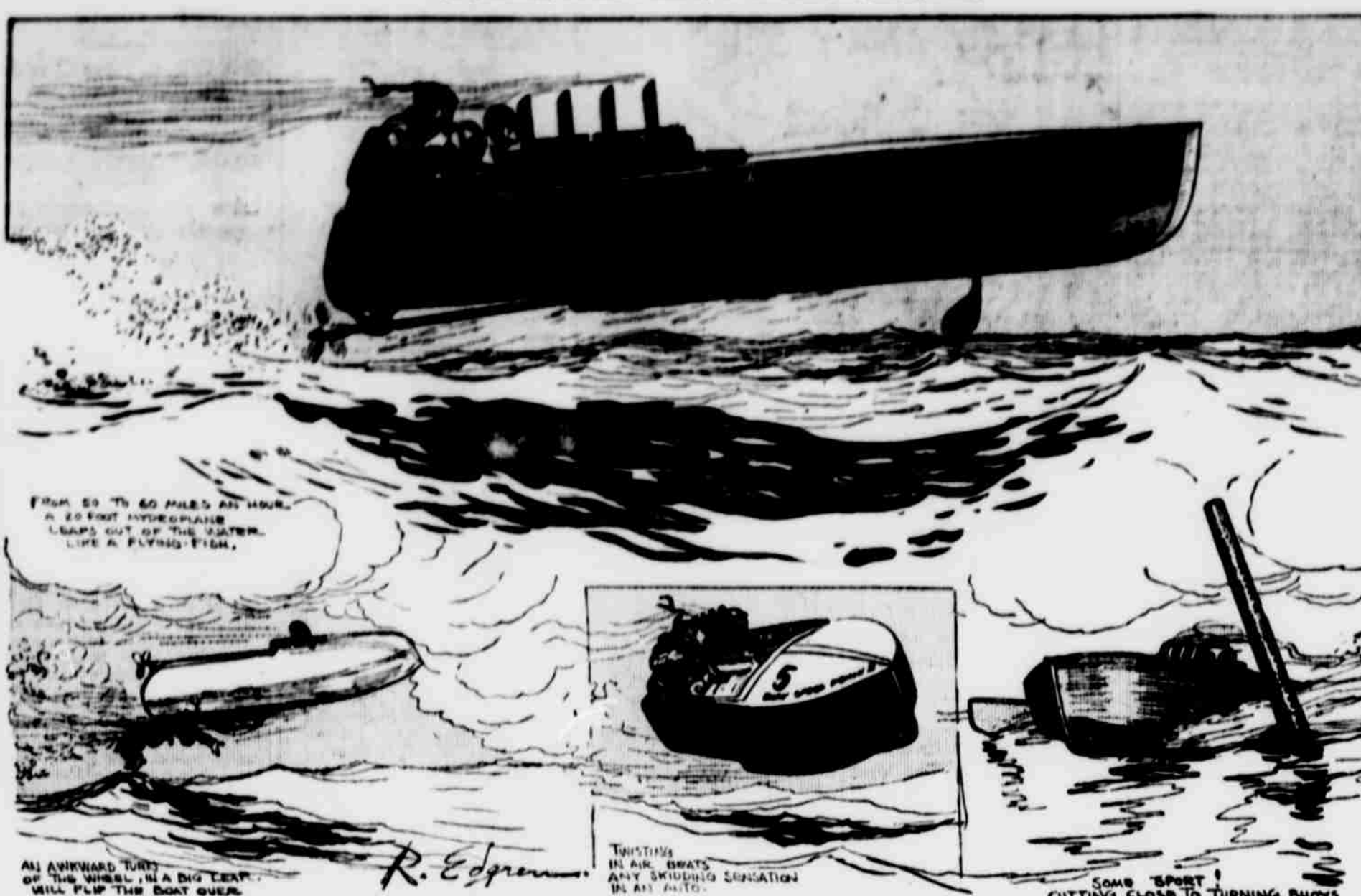
Hydroplane racing had another change when Commodore Fugh of Chicago won the latest Derby. In this big forty-footer, driven by tremendous motors generating 1,800 horse-power, he has gone over a mile a minute. Disturber, the Derby boat, was as smoothly as a Pullman palace car on rails. Commodore Fugh has a nicely cushioned chair to sit in while driving, and the whole boat is so luxuriously appointed that you expect to find a push button to call the boy with the liquid refreshments. Fugh is supreme in speed at present, and Commodore Fugh talks of building another and faster boat. Chris Smith, of Algonac, is going to try again for the cup that his Miss Detroit won last year. He will build a Miss Minneapolis, with only 250 horse-power, and predicts better than a mile a minute. He might also predict that the thrills for Miss Minneapolis is another "leaper."

**AZEVEDO STOPS JACKSON IN FIRST OF MIXED BOUTS**

The Harlem Sporting Club had the biggest night since its opening last night at the holding of the first bouts between white and colored boxers since the ban on such matches was removed. The club was packed to the doors, most of the spectators being negroes who displayed plenty of enthusiasm throughout the programme. The regulars were surprised to see such a big turnout, considering the unpropitious weather for both the main and the other scheduled ten-round bouts. Joe Azevedo, the Portuguese lightweight, had an easy time stopping Kid Jackson in the first round. Leo Johnson outpointed Alie Nack, the other scheduled ten-round bout. Johnson displayed plenty of cleverness and extend most of the white lightweight.

## THE MOST THRILLING SPORT IN THE WORLD IS HYDROPLANE RACING

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FROM 50 TO 60 MILES AN HOUR. A 20 FOOT HYDROPLANE LEAPS OUT OF THE WATER. LIKE A FLYING FISH.

ALL ANKWARD TURN OF THE WHEEL, A BIG LEAP WILL FLIP THE BOAT OVER.

TRUSTING IN AIR BRINGS ANY SKIDING SENSATION IN AN AUTO.

SOME SPORT! CUTTING CLOSE TO TURNING BUOYS IN A TIGHT RACE.

R. Edgren

## Yanks to Secure Oldring Within Week, Making Them Almost Sure of Pennant

Rube Will Supply the One More Pinch Needed in Outfield—Infield, Pitching and Catching Departments Already Championship Calibre.

By Bozeman Bulger.

It can be said on authority mighty close to the paddock that Rube Oldring, former star outfielder of the Athletics, will be wearing a Yank uniform within a week.

If that be true, Bill Donovan has the best chance of any manager in the American League to win a championship. One more strong pinch in the outfield and the trick is done. The infield, pitching staff and catching department already are of pennant calibre.

Representatives of the Athletics, Col. Ruppert and Capt. Huston had an extended conference over the Oldring deal last night, and just one remark dropped by one of the New York owners is enough to make the acquisition of the outfielder a certainty.

"If it is a question of money, he is ours," was the remark. There never was a baseball transaction that didn't come down to a question of money. And there you are!

Oldring is now very much in the same position as was Home-Run Baker a year ago. He has voluntarily retired, after expressing a wish that he would never have to play ball again. By that Rube meant that he did not want to play with the Athletics, since the team was torn to pieces. He would, and would probably play great ball because of the fact that he is a native of the Bronx and all of the home folk would be on hand to root for him.

In the mean time the Yanks, having won what old-timers consider the greatest ball game ever played on the Polo grounds, are away out in front and temporarily free from danger. It would take a week's slump to completely lose their hold on the top rung. Cleveland conveniently permitted herself to be beaten, and things get rozier every minute.

The game which kept thrills chasing up and down the spines of rooters for twelve long innings brought out the rather unique fact that ball players are again beginning to get interested in the outcome of a game. On every play the demon athletes swarmed around the plate, "rode" the umpires, batted each other on the back and fought tooth and toenail. It was a corker. Among the acts of brilliancy was the catch of a foul ball by Ray Schalk as it was dropping into the White Sox dugout. The Chicago catcher raced to the edge of the concrete steps and, risking serious injury, dived under the roof that protects the bench and came up with the ball in his extended mitt. On two other occasions he made plays at the plate that saved the game. Schalk was practically the whole Sox team with the exception of Ketch, who made five hits in a row, driving over what was supposed to be the winner in the twelfth.

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Peckinpaugh also piled up one double play after another until the Sox were double-played into submission.

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